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The Kenyon Collegian.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF KENYON COLLEGE

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No. 7.

Editorials.

THE passing of the old year puts us all face to face with a clean page in life's book. Turning back for a moment to the old one and scanning it closely, many blemishes appear, and feelings of regret arise from time to time as we contemplate "what might have been."

As we enter upon the new year then let us by no means forget to profit by the errors of the past. If we make that resolution and keep it, we shall have taken one step in advance, and furthermore, let us not forget that in an institution of such small numbers, each one of us is an important part of its mechanism; to reduce the friction of which should be our duty. To do this, there must be harmony of action and unity of purpose. If we look to the former, the latter will follow, as a natural consequence. To the harmony of the past may be attributed Kenyon's unsullied reputation for college spirit. With the proper kind of college spirit what more remains for which to ask? Subordinating all individual aims and eliminating all personal prejudices, let us place before us the general welfare of the institution, and through out the year which lies before us, lend our best efforts to its interests.

AS our numerous mid-winter Exchanges come in from time to time, we are pained as we notice the accounts of lectures which so frequently appear. Pained, not because our sister-colleges are fortunate enough to have what every well regulated college ought to have, but because we lack, and seemingly with such utter complacency, a mode of instruction, which, in some of the most famous schools of the country has been considered of sufficient importance as to supercede all other modes.

Are we dead to the fact that good lectures are essential to the broadening of one's mind, and that good lecturers, if they are not in our midst, (and we have good reason to doubt that,) are available elsewhere?

Lectures at Kenyon have been given a blow from which they have not yet recovered, but that is no reason why they should continue to be neglected. It has been the custom in the past to give a course of lectures. Season tickets were sold for a number of lectures, only a few of which were given, from which has resulted their unpopularity. There need be no season-tickets issued. Let us have individual lectures on popular topics, either educational or of general interest. There should be appointed a manager, or if the duties are too burdensome for one man, a committee, one member of which to be a member of the Faculty.

For lecturers we need not go outside of our own Alumni. There is a number of them who would be perfectly willing and glad to come for a reasonable consideration, such as lies within our means. Let us not suffer these long winter months to go by without at least an effort on our part to further our own intellectual welfare in this way.

THE spirit which recently prompted some of the students to accept O. S. U.'s challenge to a game of basket ball, is most commendable. Up to the present time basket ball has been unheard of in Kenyon College, and its advent should be a source of gratification to every student, for if we are to judge by our game with O. S. U., (whose team is reported to be equal, if not superior, to any in Ohio,) basket ball will soon be another means of winning for Kenyon a creditable record in Ohio athletics.

Here is what the O. S. U. Lantern has to say: "An athletic contest

of any kind in which Kenyon is one of the participants, is always sure to bring out a good crowd.

"Kenyon played a fine game, but were unable to win. However, it made no difference in their playing. In fact they were playing a better game when time was called than at any other part of the contest. For this and the fact that they came on such short notice, we wish them better success next time."

Kenyon in the War.

EUGENE F. BIGLER.

BARRIO DE CANOVANUS, PUERTO RICA, October, 1898.

WE are now in the hush that follows a storm. The lightening of the sword, the battle-ship's thunder, the rain of bullets, have swept their course, and Old Glory hangs triumphant against the battle clouds, as the rainbow hangs in the West Indian valleys after a tropical thunder shower. The storm has gone and left behind its changes. What changes unforeseen! What will the future be? Who must answer?

"Our country is at war!" With what serious thought these words filled us all! "Her call to arms!" How we searched ourselves, and some of us found it our duty to answer to her call!

On the 17th of May the Fourth Ohio Volunteers, assigned to the Second Brigade, First Division, First Army Corps, Department of the Gulf, Major Generals Brooks and Wilson and Brigadier General Haines, commanding, arrived at the Chickamauga Military Park, into camp of instruction, tenting below Kelley's field, on the LaFayette Road.

While awaiting orders to move to the far south, we found much to interest and instruct us on this historic ground.

One Sunday afternoon my brother and I walked down to Alexander's Bridge, where the battle of Chickamauga was begun, and where relics of that fearful fight are still to be found. We met a Minnesota volunteer who had picked up some poor fellow's skull with a bayonet thrust through it, there on the bank of the Chickamauga. Farther down the stream, over Reed's Bridge, the Third Battalion marched one day, and through the woods beyond, posted sentinels on practice of

out-post duty. Thus were we not only visiting at Chickamauga but preparing for battles of our own in the Spanish Islands, where, as at guard reliefs, which we were learning here, we should sleep or try to sleep, in the open and on the dew-damp sod of the tropics.

Yet life was not without its pleasure in this great camp of seventy thousand. Often after retreat, the boys would go to Lytle in squads. Lytle was the military camp station—scarcely a railroad depot, with two or three neighboring cabins, when we entered the park. Now it was seething with life, as rough and ready as the wild west or the Klondike. Pleasant indeed, is it to remember, returning in the still evening by the cavalry camp, past its whinnying corral, through stretches of woodland; listening as we go, to the regimental bands which are playing martial music in many a camp down the old LaFayette road. Then camp-fires and candle lights and a myriad of glowing tents appear, shining out across the parade grounds from under the dark shelter of southern oaks and cedars; and in the company streets one may hear the boys singing songs of home, or debating questions of the war.

We watched the advance on Santiago with intense interest. Intense, indeed, for on the evening of July 3d, orders came that our brigade was to reinforce General Shafter in Cuba. At eight o'clock in the morning the "general" would blow, but following the news of the victory of Sampson and Schley came orders suspending orders—what a "Fourth" it was! Through the weeks that followed we were kept in active field drill, in skirmishing, in marches and bivouac, and in practice of breaking camp.

The 14th of July was a glorious day in Camp Thomas. The first intimation we had was a rush of trampling troops through the pour of a southern rain, as a mounted orderly galloped up to regimental headquarters, about two o'clock in the afternoon. Everybody then started for headquarters, expecting great news, and when it was announced that General Toral had surrendered—the camp went wild. It was only a prelude; for, when both storms lulled, officers' call sounded, and presently our band went marching across to brigade headquarters playing, "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." The band serenaded General Haines, and then the Fourth formed and marched to the camp of the Fourth Pennsylvania, thence, with them,

to the Third Illinois. There the commanding colonels addressed the men, expressing their common regret that the valor of the Second Brigade had no share in the victory.

We were deploying up Snodgrass Hill on the afternoon of the 21st, on Brigade drill, when the best news of all came. Tomorrow the "general" would blow, and did blow, and we marched away to Rossville. That night and the next, taking a farewell look into Old Ohio at Ashland, Kentucky, and through the following day we hurried across the mountains and reached Newport News early Monday morning, the 25th. We lay in a camp of shelter tents until the 28th, when we embarked on Captain Sigsbee's boat, the *St. Paul*, in time to load twenty thousand rifles for the Puerto Rican campaign.

On the 2d of August we saw the little white birds that Columbus saw skim the waves four hundred years ago, and we knew that land was near. We sailed through Mono Passage; then with every gun loaded for instant action, escorted by the faithful gray ships, which here kept the watch of war, we crept along the southern shore to anchorage at Ponce harbor, near its quaint little white light house.

Following the Third Illinois, we landed at Arroyo, thirty-five miles east of Ponce, on the 3d. Some Spanish cavalry, scouting around in the afternoon and during the night, were kept at a distance by the firing of our picket line and by a few suggestive shots from the Cincinnati. The fleet looked beautiful from the shore that night, its thousand lights and signals sparkling like the stars that shone above it, which never rise upon the American horizon. It was our last glimpse of civilization before the campaign began. On the morning of the 5th, the Fourth Ohio led the van against Guayama, a city of some fifteen thousand people, which General Brooks desired as a base. We won our first victory here. About a thousand Spanish soldiers, regulars of the 6th Infanteria, cavalrymen and volunteers, were met in the defense, but they retreated before our firing line. Company L, which had been marching with the support, was now the first company to enter into the town, bearing the colors, which, amid the cheers of our men and amid the chime of church bells across the Plaza de Cristobal Colon, were raised over the town hall, while the natives went wild crying "Vivan Americanos!"

The enemy finding himself no longer pursued, rallied, and then

the heaviest firing of the day took place. Our company advanced to the extreme front upon a high river bank at the border of the town. This front, fortified by two of the dynamite guns in anticipation of an artillery attack, we held on out-post duty until the 11th, when the battalion moved into camp beyond the town. Telling effect was produced upon the retreating enemy by the dynamite battery under Captain Potter, with company F. To the Fourth Ohio belongs the whole credit of the victory—no other regiment having been engaged.

I was writing letters home in the Alcaldia of Guayama on the 8th, when a mounted messenger came up announcing that the Fourth Ohio was being cut to pieces. Colonel Coit, with companies A and C, on a reconnoitering expedition to discover the position of the enemy, had run into an ambushade at Barrio de las Palmas, where the road makes a horse-shoe bend along a precipice high upon the mountain side, and where the enemy from some place opposite, kept firing volley after volley at our men for an hour. I had hardly reported to my company when we were ordered to reinforce the companies that were under fire. Presently the "earthquake hurlers" came up and with three shots drove the enemy to the mountain summits where they remained entrenched until peace was declared. We lost five men, wounded in this skirmish, making a total of nine.

The blowing of reveille before dawn is ominous. Again our regiment was to lead an advance of infantry, this time upon Cayey. It was my misfortune to be unable to make this march on account of fever. Being ordered to the wagon train rather than to remain behind at Guayama, I saw the army go by. It looked truly magnificent as it passed between the bright colored stucco houses of Guayama's dirty thoroughfare, "Calle de la Buena Vista!" First came the cavalry, a detachment of the Sixth Regulars under Captain Scott, and volunteers; then the black files of heavy artillery, followed by our regiments of infantry. The day was doomed to disappointment for all. Just as the first guns were sighted, and as the companies of our own regiment were deployed upon the Spaniard's flank came the news of peace, and a battle was prevented.

The next morning, the 14th, I was ordered to division hospital. It was very painful to lie there and watch the suffering of the men, fever-worn and wasted, as they were, for lack of comforts that after-

wards came—to watch a comrade of my own company die in great agony. A week in the hospital and weeks more convalescent in quarters, became a common story during the days when rations were scantiest; and the September rains that came in unceasing torrents, could little drown our miseries. I shall not soon forget the issue that consisted entirely of canned tomatoes and red-horse*—tomatoes raw, tomatoes cooked, tomatoes cooked or raw, three times a day; nor the breakfasts that consisted of two kinds of sour bread, one piece fried and the other unfried, with a quart of bitter liquid which we used to clean the grease out of our mess pans.

During these days of home-sick waiting, there was a funeral from the hospital almost every day. Sometimes there were two in a day. It was my sad duty the 5th of September to serve as a pall-bearer at the burial of a Fourth Pennsylvania volunteer. A soldier's funeral is always impressive; doubly so this poor fellow's, far away from both friends and comrades. To the beat of the muffled drum the funeral escort marches to the hospital; thence it wends by Guayama's white-domed cathedral down a narrow street to the grave-yard gate to the music of a dirge; there they lay his rough pine box wrapped in his regimental colors over an open grave, a brief liturgy, the solemn melody of taps—

Lights all out—lights all out—
Go to sleep, sleep and rest, rest in peace.
Silently—— falls the night,
Day is done.
Squad, load! ready, aim, fire!
Load, aim, fire!
Load, aim, fire!

By the end of September, however, these wretched conditions were much amended, both in commissary and in hospital. Too much credit cannot be given to the faithful nurses, who, rough soldiers themselves, patiently and when often ill themselves, with a gentle hand cheered the sick and comforted the dying.

On the 21st, the same day that I had served on the firing squad at poor Dunlap's funeral—our second man to die, and one who had made the bravest fight for life of any at the hospital—a party went under the escort of Captain Schindel to visit the Spaniards at Cayey Pass.

* Choice (?) Cooked Canned Corn Beef.

Being now "muchos amigos" we were much interested in each other and exchanged souvenirs. It being mess time, they shared us their suppers, and no one need say that the Spanish soldiers in Puerto Rico were starving. Before we returned to camp, I made the pleasant acquaintance of Tenienti Eladio Lara Calvar of San Sebastian, an adjutant of the Sixth Spanish Infantry, and also of El Capitan Vuinte Palmer of Valencia. Neither of us understood the other's language, but we got on famously in Latin, promising to write to each other after our return to our own countries at Christmas.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

A. W. D.

In olden time, 'tis so they say,
A stranger coming here
On passing up the Harcourt way,
At play could see the deer.
And history repeats itself,
For if you pass that way
And chance to glance at Harcourt grounds,
You'll see the Dears at play.

Meeting of Association for Promoting Interests of Church Schools.

THE annual meeting of the Association for Promoting the Interests of Church Schools, Colleges and Seminaries took place in New York, on the Second Sunday in Advent and the Monday succeeding. The religious services were held in All Angels' Church, and the business meeting in the Parish House of the same church, this Parish being peculiarly identified with the Association through its late rector, the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Hoffman, who was the founder and chief benefactor of the Society.

The service on Sunday morning was beautiful and impressive. The Bishop of New Hampshire was the celebrant. The annual sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Douglass, who made an earnest appeal to Churchmen to support Church Schools and Colleges. The Association subsequently directed 2,500 copies of this sermon

to be printed, and ordered that it should be sent to the Churchman, the Living Church, and the Church Standard.

The business meeting in the Parish House on Monday morning was presided over by William M. V. Hoffman, Esq., a son of the founder of the Association. Among those present were the Bishops of New Hampshire and Delaware; the Rev. Presidents of Trinity, Hobart, and Kenyon; Mr. Silas McBee, the editor of the Churchman; Professor Baldwin, of Yale, one of the Board of Examiners; Charles Frederick Hoffman, Esq.; the Rev. Dr. Vandewater, chaplain to Columbia College; and Judge Winslow, of Madison, Wis.

Most of the interest of the meeting centered about the prize contest for next year, with reference also to the examinations to take place next May. The Rev. Mr. Peirce, President of Kenyon, presented on behalf of the Kenyon Faculty a memorial embodying the following recommendations:

First, that some subject be associated with English in the examinations, on the ground that candidates in English have not so much ground to cover as those in the other two examinations, and that their work is submitted to the standards of only one examiner and only one university.

Secondly, that Astronomy and advanced work in Chemistry be substituted for Mathematics and Physics in the examinations for the Senior year.

Thirdly, that no time limit be imposed in the examinations, but that the time spent by each candidate be endorsed on his paper by the instructor in charge of the examination; on the ground that the examiner with these figures before him would be perfectly able to judge of the fluency and readiness of a student, and also to see what his best work is when not hurried and nervous.

Fourthly, that sight translation should be given more time, or that shorter selections should be set; that translation into Greek be given up in view of the fact that only the largest universities offer courses in Greek prose composition and then only as optional, and not as integral parts of advanced courses, and that proficiency in writing Greek is of very little practical benefit to the student; and that a change in the subject for required work is desirable as Tragedy has been set for both years.

Fifthly, that some other textbook in Physics be substituted for Ganot, on the ground that Ganot is antiquated in matter, does not embody modern theories of instruction, and is too easy.

These recommendations were referred to the Board of Directors, the expression of opinion in the meeting being on the whole favorable, especially in regard to the recommendation on the time limit.

The Rev. Dr. Smith, President of Trinity, in opposition to the Kenyon report recommended that the examination in the Classics should consist chiefly in writing Latin and Greek, proficiency therein being the fairest test of scholarship. The opinion was evidently shared in by Mr. McBee, who represented the University of the South. Mr. McBee said that he felt that we should introduce English standards of instruction in the Classics and that Kenyon's protest against Greek prose was equivalent to lowering the standards of examinations.

Mr. McBee also opposed the Kenyon suggestion that some other subject be associated with English in the examinations, saying that this detracted from the prestige that our mother tongue should have and retain. Professor Baldwin, of Yale, the examiner in English, said on the other hand that he recognized the disparity between the requirements in English and those in the other departments, but that instead of associating anything with English he should rather recommend giving separate prizes in Greek and in Latin, and in Mathematics and in Physics.

The report of the Treasurer showed that the money now in hand will be exhausted by the award of prizes this year, and the Association undertook to raise sufficient funds to maintain the prizes in the future. In this connection the general question of policy in the award of the prizes came up for discussion. The Rev. S. DeLancey Townsend, Ph. D., the Secretary of the Association, recommended that in order to reach more young men and to give them assistance throughout the college course, more prizes be given and of smaller amounts, varying from \$100 to \$200, the awards to be made for regular class-room work during the Freshman and Sophomore years. This view was heartily endorsed by the Rev. Dr. Jones, President of Hobart, who argued against the present rather advanced requirements which demand work for the students outside the regular class-room courses. He urged that examinations should be given which would require no extra

coaching. Such a method, he thought, would give the average man a chance to win the prizes, instead of confining them to the exceptional man. The Rev. Mr. Peirce, President of Kenyon, opposed this view, saying that the prizes in any competitive contest necessarily go to the exceptional man, and that if the object of the prizes is to give aid to ordinary young men of worthy character, they would better be given upon the recommendation of the several Faculties than as a result of competitive examination. The prizes under the present system stand for high scholarship, they stimulate hard work among the students, and they prevent any lowering of standard among the colleges. Under such a system as that suggested, they would be but another form of administering beneficiary funds, and such of the good students as happen not to stand in need of financial assistance, would not give themselves the trouble of going in for them.

President Peirce also strongly opposed Freshman, or even Sophomore, contests, on the ground that such examinations would test not the College, but the preparatory school. Moreover, under such an arrangement Kenyon would stand at distinct disadvantage, as compared with Trinity and Hobart, which draw from the best Eastern preparatory schools. Kenyon is often obliged to accept students whose preparation is inadequate, and it is not until the Junior year that the College is able to make up for these deficiencies in preparation.

The discussion terminated rather abruptly with the arrival of the hour for luncheon. The luncheon given the Association by the Hoffman family, was served at the Hotel St. Andrew. At the table Professor Baldwin, of Yale, made a very graceful speech. He said that he was often moved to meditate upon the advantages of the Church college when he saw so many young men submerged in the vortex at New Haven. He did not mean to be disloyal to Yale, nor did he mean to intimate that a young man need go wrong at Yale, but he could not but see that many a boy suffered there from the lack of the positive influence of Church surroundings. He said too, that when he saw three hundred students file into his lecture room together, he often longed for the opportunities for personal attention afforded by the small college.

Ars Dolorum.

C. F. M. & W. H. M.

WE, devoted disciples of the art of cribbing, have often been asked by our friends to put into some order our general knowledge and opinions upon this subject, that all our readers might profit thereby. But we fear that many will never attain that proficiency which our ancestors displayed.

Ceratus Decipio was undoubtedly the greatest cribber of all times, boasting, it is said, that he passed through the University of Paris without ever having actually studied a single hour. He devoted all his time while in school to perfecting methods of cribbing, which until his time were very crude. He was the inventor of many systems far in advance of his age. It is impossible for us to estimate the values of his labors. Modern ingenuity has added nothing to his work, and the shrewd student of today gets his sheepskin in much the same manner that Ceratus did in the middle ages. This admirable motto which always adorned the walls of his room, is as applicable today as then:

"Μή Πονῶμεν, ἀλλὰ Τροφῶμεν"

Which rendered into English would be,

"To toil is not a pleasure,
Let us live a life of leisure."

It is not within the compass of this article to give Ceratus' principles in full, so we here present to our readers the *fundamenta* of this noble art which will be found very useful. A complete perusal of the works of Ceratus will amply repay any zealous disciple, and will save him many hours of toil.

Methods and Axioms of the Noble Art of Cribbing, by Ceratus Decipio, D. D. (Doctor Dolorum):

METHOD I.—Interlining, the simplest of all cribs, is especially useful in translation and is adopted to the use of novices, but care must be taken that it be not used in classes where the professor is accustomed to walk about the recitation room in imitation of the Peripatetics, often looking over the shoulders of students.

METHOD II.—A higher form of the above method and one which Ceratus invented is the plan of inserting the leaves of a translation in the text-book, thus avoiding the labor of copying.

METHOD III.—What is commonly known as the card-crib comes next in his category. A number of small cards are used upon which is written a concise statement of facts bearing upon the subject in hand. These are intended to be held in the palm and because of their small size can easily be thrust into the pocket if detection seems imminent.

METHOD IV.—Monsieur Passe Parcent, of revered memory, who was in the class of 1556, University of Paris, invented a modification of Method III, which is thought by some to be a decided improvement. About this time the large puff-sleeves were in vogue, and he conceived the plan of fastening a gutta-percha cord to the card and to the inside of his sleeve. When he had obtained the information needed from the card, or when the eyes of the professor were on him, immediately on releasing the card it vanished up his sleeve in a miraculous manner.

METHOD V.—Next in order comes the roller and fan-cribs. The first of these is fashioned from two small sticks with a roll of paper wrapped around them in the manner of ancient folios. The fan crib is made by folding the paper as its name implies. These are too common to require further description.

From these rather insignificant and mechanical methods of deception we rise to a loftier plane of more intricate and noble principles, which require exceptional ability, and qualities which show a broadness of mind and a depth of thought far beyond the ordinary, and without which no one should attempt to tread the dangerous path of scientific deception.

Our vows to the divine Hermes bind us so that we are unable to disclose the secrets of the inner circle, and we can only hint at some of these more refined modes. The earlier stages of apprenticeship prepare one for that Nirvana of perfection, that state of rest, which awaits each faithful disciple of Oeratus. The full attainment of this state involves a great and varied general knowledge. The full knowledge of the habits of the professors, so that no opportunity for obtaining copies of the examination questions before a test, may be lost. A knowledge of the lock-maker's art is invaluable. Skill in taking wax impressions and making keys from the same is necessary. A knowledge of tension of ropes and of the manufacture of rope ladders has

been the salvation of many students. Skill in passing questions through windows and auger holes to confederates and receiving answers in return, is a quality which reveals the budding genius of a master in the art of deceit. The test of a real master is the ability to obtain help from a text-book under the very eyes of the instructor.

Further than this we cannot go. It would be sacrilege to disclose to vulgar gaze the mysteries at which we have but hinted. The neophyte should look with awe at the heights which master minds have scaled, and make a vow within his heart of hearts to never quail until the deepest of deep secrets has become his own.

Ceratus, like many other masters, never wrote down any of his principles, and this treasure of learning would have been lost had it not been for the zeal and foresight of his loving followers, who by inscribing each word as it fell from his lips handed down this precious boon to the students of all time. We give herewith some of the most pungent of his axioms:

AXIOM I.—When you know nothing whatever about a certain point, circle about that point with a skill which is gained only by practice, and speak with a loud bold voice. Frankness, although pretended, carries conviction.

AXIOM II.—When you are uttering something concerning the truth of which you are in doubt, refer to some eminent authority in a tone that defies refutation.

AXIOM III.—Never suffer punishment for anything you can get out of by lying. If detected, but dear pupils, it is almost inconceivable that a true disciple of these precepts should be detected, for as the noted Augustus Tomlinson says, "cheating only becomes an art when undetected."

AXIOM IV.—If you are a confirmed grade-hunter, take a front seat and keep your paw in the air the entire hour.

Space does not allow us to quote more from Decipio's aphorisms. Let this thought however be never absent from the minds of those who fain would humbly follow in his footsteps: Crib, dear disciples, crib zealously. It is a noble art and leads the mind into paths of future greatness. The hypocrisy of virtue is out of date. Crib, we repeat, for by that immortal art are nurtured in the soul those manly qualities, deceit, dissimulation and duplicity, which mould a man into that

roundness of character which makes him the beau ideal, the upheld example, of envious humanity. Follow these teachings with unflagging zeal, but never debase the pure art to the mercenary end of obtaining rank. Let us give thanks to those noble masters, those on whom the title of adept has been bestowed, who by their unselfish love of the science have handed down to us this priceless boon. Let us not be unworthy stewards of this trust and let us hand down to posterity inviolate this treasure of the past. And may many among you who read this and practice these principles and precepts, become so skilled that Hermes, our sovereign divinity, covering you with his sacred nimbus, shall deservedly bestow upon you the title, Doctor Dolorum.

Harold's Vow.

AS proud Harold Vere de Vere ran gracefully up the front steps and rang the bell of Gwendolyn Flipper's palatial residence his heart was filled with anticipations of joy. He was about to see his loved one and ask her the momentous question which would decide his future happiness. In the haughty confidence of youth and wealth he had no reason to believe that his suit would not be successful if properly pressed, and consequently his cardiac region was filled with the exuberant ether of bliss. He stepped into the spacious drawing-room and as the maid went to announce his coming he thought over the words he should use to express his undying affection.

A wood fire burned cheerfully in an open fire place and a little poodle dog lay sleeping in the pleasant glow. Harold leaned insouciantly against the mantle and mused, and ever and anon he would pick up a piece of fragile bric a-brac and look at the bottom to see if it were genuine. He was plunged in the intricacies of calculating Gwendolyn's papa's wealth estimated by his Royal Worcester when the seductive swish of silken skirts aroused him from his reverie. He gazed into the eyes and pressed the hand of the, to him, most beauteous damsel in the world. He went through the politenesses he knew not how while his heart was beating like an eight day clock.

The little dog yelped in the ecstasy of some dream and while the fire flickered encouragement Harold spoke from the rapture of a full heart.

"Gwendolyn, Gwendolyn," he cried "I love you. Je vous aime, je vous adore. I live for thee and thee alone. Wouldst that thou, couldst do the same for me! Canst thou, O canst thou? Gwendolyn, in a word wilt thou be my bride, my bonny bride?"

A suggestion of a blush glided over Gwendolyn's beautiful face at the suddenness of this passionate outburst.

"Wilt thou pay the bills?" she asked in incisive tones.

The unexpectedness of this question and the base insinuation it conveyed agitated Harold beyond expression. Her doubt of the nobility of his motives caused him to weep copiously and the tears rolling off his cheek pattered down on his patent leathers like a summer shower on a tin roof. Gwendolyn did not await her lover's reply but continued thus in the same calm, even tones:

"No, Harold Vere de Vere, I cannot be your bride, your bonny bride as you so dramatically express it. Although you are the scion of a noble house I cannot for a moment think of uniting myself to you. To tell you the truth, Harold dear boy, I love another."

"What, fickle maid," came huskily from the disappointed youth, "do you throw me down?" "Ha, Ha, I'll be revenged." And kicking the little poodle dog savagely in the ribs he seized his hat and left the house hurriedly, forgetting his rubbers. As he left he took one parting glance through the vestibule glass and saw Glendolyn resting lovingly in the arms of the Flipper's coachman. "Damn!" he shrieked in utter misery and the only answer he received was the flickering of the fire, the snickering of Gwendolyn and the howls of the injured dog. "Let the glittering stars of the broad expanse of Heaven be my witness" he cried "that I will be revenged!" "Damn!" he reiterated as tripping gracefully down the steps he fell over a rope placed there by Gwendolyn's younger brother.

(The remainder of this interesting story will be found in number 109 of Goodsell's Snide Monthly which can be found at all bookstores.)

Over the 'Phone.

W. H. M.

"HELLO!"

"Hello"

"Is this the office of the Collegian?"

"Yes sir."

"Is the editor in?"

"I have the honor of holding that position."

"Oh! Well I'm Hermes."

"Hermes? I don't believe I know you."

"What! Don't know me" came in rather angry tones over the wire. "Why, I'm the divine Hermes, the god of athletic sports."

"Whew? I humbly beg your pardon. I am overcome by this undreamed-of honor."

"Oh, that's all right" came the answer with a little ripple of spiritual laughter. "I really can't blame you. You see it this way—I enjoyed a very pleasant hour this afternoon watching a game of basket ball between your friends and some O. S. U. mortals and I thought I would take the liberty of talking to you about your athletics. Before I became immortal I used to take a whirl at basket ball myself and I wasn't any slouch either so it always arouses my interest to see talent."

"Thank you."

"Your captain is pretty clever."

"We think so."

"He is assistant instructor in your gymnasium is he not?"

"E-r-er, not exactly."

"Why how is that? I certainly understood that he was."

"Well he would be if—if we had a gymnasium."

"Oh, I see. Then you have no gymnasium?"

"Not exactly that, we have one, —on paper."

"That is unfortunate."

"Yes, but we are doing our best to make it a substantial reality."

"You are certainly to be praised for making such a good showing against adverse circumstances. With proper facilities you could undoubtedly wipe the ground with O. S. U. and I hope you will do so on Washington's birthday. I'll bring George down to see the game."

"Thank you for your kind words. Your presence will be an incentive. By the way, don't forget to keep an eye on our baseball team. Its going to be a hooler if not a gym-dandy."

"I won't. Good bye."

"Good bye."

Alumni Notes.

53 THE following is a clipping from an Oakland, California paper: A dispatch from St. Helena announces the death at a sanitarium near that place, of Rev. Henry Durant Lathrop, D. D. The deceased was a native of Elmira, New York, and 69 years of age. Mr. Lathrop was one of the most widely known and highly esteemed ministers of the Episcopal church on the Pacific coast. He was a man of conspicuous administrative ability, and was active as a builder of churches, and in his ministrations as a pastor he had endeared himself to many households in California.

During the Civil War Mr. Lathrop served on the Christian Commission, and later was a professor in Kenyon College, Gambier, O., where he had been graduated in theology. Coming to the Pacific Coast because of physical impairment from overwork, Mr. Lathrop went to Nevada and became rector of the Episcopal church at Gold Hill. Then he came to California and located in San Francisco, where he was rector of the Church of the Advent for many years. His next move was to Eureka, Humboldt county, then to Walla Walla, Washington. He remained four years with each of these churches, and was then called to the Church of the Advent, in East Oakland.

This parish under his administration became one of the most flourishing on the coast. He succeeded in largely increasing the membership and in making many improvements. This was his last charge.

Some years ago his health became impaired and he was compelled to give up active work in his chosen field. He recently went to the sanitarium in St. Helena for treatment, but without permanent benefit, and slowly failed until the end came.

Mr. Lathrop's first wife was a sister of Mrs. W. E. Hale, wife of Warden Hale. She died some years ago. His second wife was Miss Stevens, a daughter of the late Captain Stevens, and a member of one of the most wealthy and prominent families in Fruitvale.

Mr. Lathrop leaves several children. One son, John, was formerly city editor of the Oakland Tribune, and later on the staff of the San Francisco Examiner and New York Journal. Another is an instructor in Stanford University. A third son is American Consul at Liverpool, and a fourth is a student at Harvard. There is one daughter, Miss Helen

Lathrop. Mr. Lathrop's successor at the Church of the Advent was Rev. V. Marshall Law.

'53. The following is from the Columbus Dispatch: "News has been received in Columbus of the death of Grand Chaplain of Elks Rev. Henry G. Perry, of Chicago. Rev. Mr. Perry was an Episcopalian, and is known as an eloquent and sincere man. Mr. Perry was also prominent in Masonic circles." Rev. Mr. Perry always took a lively interest in Kenyon, and was prominent among the Chicago Alumni.

'54. Rev. Moses Hamilton, for many years a resident of Bellevue, died at his home on December 17th last. Rev. Mr. Hamilton's last charge was at Clyde, O., which charge he resigned some six or eight years ago on account of old age. Since that time he has resided at his home in Bellevue. Mr. Hamilton was the father of Mrs. John Flood, who died at Gambier in the spring of '95. His son, John, who is now in business in Cleveland, O., was a few years ago a student at K. M. A.

'62. Rev. Wm. E. Wright, who lately served as chaplain of the 34th Michigan Volunteer Infantry, recently visited Gambier as the guest of his son, W. E. Wright, '01.

'72. Mr. Leonard Blake spent the Christmas holidays in Gambier, the guest of relatives.

'92. Henry Buttolph, of Indianapolis, spent the holidays at his home in Gambier.

'92. Mr. Guy Buttolph is engaged in mining in Equador, South America.

'93. Robert Watson, of Zanesville, has recently been admitted to the Ohio bar.

'95. Rev. John A. Howell has removed from St. John's parish, Cincinnati, to take charge of St. Mark's, Erie, Pennsylvania, a former parish of Bishop Vincent's.

'96. Harry Kennedy has accepted a position with the American Encaustic Tiling Co., of Zanesville.

'96. Herbert Barber is the father of a bouncing boy.

'97. Arthur Brooke is in charge of a mission at Donaldson, Mich.

'97 ex. Fred Byard recently purchased an interest in one of the largest drug stores of Warren, O. The firm name is Byard & Voit.

'98. W. H. Clark is in Florida, where he is engaged in orange raising.

'00. George Oliver spent several weeks previous to the holidays with friends in Gambier.

College News.

The last week of the Christmas term took on somewhat more of a social aspect, in marked contrast to the previous weeks. Several very jolly little *soirees* were given in which the College and Harcourt shared. Miss Blake, of Harcourt, entertained a number of her friends at the home of her aunt. Mrs. Fillmore entertained at her home, while Mrs. Mitchie was hostess at Harcourt.

Miss Fagan, formerly of Harcourt, enjoyed the holidays as the guest of President and Mrs. Pierce.

A number of the students spent the holidays as the guests of their friends: Hayward, '00, visited Southworth, '00, at the latter's home in Salem, O.; Lash, '00, went home with Sawyer, '00, of Cleveland; Hackenly, '02, was the guest of Skogland, '02, of Wellington, O.

Those who went to Columbus the day of the basket ball game with O. S. U. were Squire, W. E. Wright, Rattle, Rodgers, Morris, Coolidge, Aubry, Jahn, Collins, Brandon, Johnston and Cummings.

At a recent meeting of the executive committee of the Assembly, Huston, '00, was elected manager of the football team for '99, and Fillmore, '01, manager of this season's baseball team.

On Tuesday, January 24th, a large theatre party from Gambier witnessed Richard Mansfield's rendering of the much discussed *Cyrano de Bergerac*, at the Great Southern Theatre in Columbus.

Exchanges.

SHE. "What kind of a man is he?"

He. "He is a D. F."

She. "What fraternity is that?"

Willie. "What does iconoclast mean, father?"

Papa. "Idol breaker, my son."

Willie. "Is the New York Voice an idol breaker?"

Papa. "No; an idle jest."

I called her "sweet heart," called her love,
Called her my heart's delight;
I called her mine, mine only,
And my life's great shining light.
She turned—I even thrilled to hear
The rustle of her gown—
Then bent her deep brown eyes on me
And sweetly called me—down.

The faculty and students of Albion College have decided that each student shall pay one dollar for the support of athletics when he takes out his classification card.

Ten scholarships which are only open to Cuban young men, have been established at Lafayette.

K. M. A. Athletics.

THE football season just passed has been, in many ways, the most satisfactory in the history of the institution. The team reached a higher development than that attained in any previous year. This was made possible by the earnest efforts of the individual candidates. The members of the '97 team who returned in September realized the work that was before them and endeavored to bring the team to the high standard of efficiency set by former teams. They were aided in their purpose by the new candidates. Some of the new men were experienced players, but the majority knew scarcely the first principles of the game. All were willing to learn, and realized that the coach knew more about the game than did the players.

In selecting Seal to be the captain no mistake was made. Earnest in the purpose to produce a winning team, he inspired confidence in the men. He was always ready to lead the work in practice. In the games he was in every play. His position at right half-back was new to him, yet he did all that was required of him and did it well.

Richardson, at left half, played a steady, aggressive game throughout the entire season. He was a sure ground gainer, and did excellent work on the defensive. His election as captain for '99 assures a good leader for the coming season.

Thompson, full back, played a strong game at all times. His line bucking was done in fine form and netted many gains. On the defensive he was a hard worker and was in every play.

Brickenstein at quarter was very much in evidence. He passed the ball accurately and succeeded in getting into the interference. His defensive work was equally satisfactory. The work of Duen at right end was characterized by steady, earnest, work, few gains were made around him. Schaff, right tackle, played guard on the '97 team. His work at times was brilliant, especially showy on the offensive. Brumbery, right guard, was a product of the season. He entered late and was not in condition for the early games. His development was rapid, and at the close of the season he played a strong, aggressive game. In Reguer was found a man fully qualified for the position which he held, center. Few fumbles could be attributed to him. And on the defensive he frequently broke through and tackled the runner behind the line. Beecher was the only old player who retained his position, that of left-guard. His playing was steady and marked by an aggressive spirit at all times. He frequently broke through the line and spoiled his opponents' plays. Hyatt, left tackle did not try for the position until late in the season. He was showy on the offensive. Krehbiel, left end was one of the best players in the team. His offensive play was excellent. On the defensive he frequently broke up the play and tackled the runner. No substantial gains were made around his end by the opponents. Hollenbeck and Longnecker were valuable substitutes, and when used, did not weaken the team in any particular. The remaining substitutes Priest, Smallman, Aves and Shaw, were able to fill their positions in a satisfactory manner.

F. F. W.